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EXCELSIOR



NUMBER - PATHOS
SONGS - POEMS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE
FOLK SONGS OF IRELAND"

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1913

EXCELSIOR.

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PREFACE

Dear Readers:

I consign to your consideration these several songs and poems with the assurance of scholars, as well as of my neighbors and friends, that they are first-class matter in their character of humorous, pathetic and political verse. I shall not assume that my work is perfection; also there are those who take some of the jokes with a very ill grace, viz., boozers, et als. The references to Dutch and Italians are off in some respects as to translation—Italiano, an Italian; Italiana, an Italian lady; Italiani, Italians; Italiane, Italian ladies, etc. We're "hobben, gay hopped, gay mocked hobben." But we shall try to get our foreign phrases into more apt form next time.

My title to the name of the old fort is well founded. My honorable mother was born at Sutter's Fort, September 8, 1846.

Very truly yours,

F. S. REID.

WHEN CANNED, GIVE HER THIS.

Art thou a cruel Amazon?
O, Faithless Lady Mine!
And have slain thine hearts by thousands
Among the masculine?

Or yet a fierce head-hunter,
Hunting heads when you incline?
Hast thou a lot of ghastly skulls
Somewhere hung on a line?

BELLA GIUNA'S EYES.

Beware of those dear coal black eyes,
They're apt to take one by surprise
And set his heart a-glowing.
When this conflagration may subside,
For sure, there is no knowing.
So, just set your optics right ahead,
And keep straight to your going.

AN IRISH CALIFORNIA BALLAD.

Come on, my lady, the house is all ready,
And we shall be happy way out on the farm.
With fiddle and banjo we'll have a fandango,
So we shall be merry way out on the ranch.

Some people are chary, and don't like to marry,
For fear they'll be starving out on the farm;
But we'll have us a dairy, like Misses McCraery,
And set a good table way out on the ranch.

We'll plant us some barley, and get it in early,
And raise us some turkeys, way out on the farm.
For wheat and potatoes, 'twill be hard to beat us;
We'll know what to be planting, way out on the ranch.

Sure a man would go crazy, or else he'd get lazy,
And there's nothing goes easy alone on the farm.
Now come on and save me; I'll try to behave me,
And Oh, how I'll love you, way out on the ranch.

Don't hang your head, Mary, for why should we tarry?
We'll only get wary as older we grow.
Then I'll see Father Farley, that we may start early.
We'll hop on the car and to 'Frisco we'll hie.

HAIL! SAN FRANCISCO.

All hail to our Sunset City!
In the elbow of the sea,
Her welfare and reputation are
Dear to me and to thee.

We'll start our rhyme to the early time,
When the land was wild and free—
The day when the hardy Indian
Made on this spot his rancharee.

Then the raccoon sought for shellfish
On the moon-lit, bay-side sands;
And the swans swam up by Second street,
To where the Palace Hotel stands.

Out in San Bruno's thickets
The grizzly made his lair;
And the panther came and went her way
In fear of the cross black bear.

Till the saintly dove of the God o' love—
The God who is ever right—
In the Ark of Peace hove to in our cove
Diffusing forth the light.

The Saint Franciscian era
Was marked by peace and calm.
They sowed the wheat upon the plain
And planted the peach and the palm.

'Twas with love and prayer and virtue
To exhort the native throng
That the priests forewent their love of home
And suffered much and long.

Our saints had got to wallow in wealth
When Mexico did invade.
Then they packed their grips for foreign trips
To avoid rapacious raid.

The long-horned stock by thousands ranged
All o'er these fertile lands.
Anon, the sheep the dons did keep
Were counted by the bands.

The Spanish in their glory
Yet but a short while survived,
For Stockton and bold Fremont spoiled
Their pie when they arrived.

'Twas a golden day dawned in the west
That waked to Forty-nine,
And lured to these shores the thousands
From every land and clime.

The wealth in gold of weight untold
Went to Earth's commercial veins
And left to poor Old 'Frisco naught
But the traders' gains.

This city's woes, though hard, were few,
Gauged by those of other lands.
The scourge of war she ne'er has felt—
Let's hope God so commands

For sure she rises like a Phoenix,
This burned and broken town;
And youth succeeds decrepitude,
Abasement sees renown.

This place may outstrip Rome in fame,
Or London in her might.
The largest city in the world
May yet stand on this site.

—Frank S. Reid, composer in toto.

QUALITY QUALIFIED.

You ask who's it? Integrity is.
I reckon he's none other
Than one of most familiar phiz—
Consistency's full brother.
He's related near to Unity,
Catholicity and Community.

Being one of gravity,
He will not own Dissembling;
Nor countenance Venality.
He does despise False Rendering;
Mercenary is his adverse quality.
While he may excuse Fair Frailty,
He has no patience with Partiality.

CONQUISTA DE L'AFRICA.

We goin' down de Africa; we do bombard it de port,
Make it de grand demonstration, ee devastation de fort.
We catch it de fine de gentleman, we makin' de rascal workee.
A viva! A viva! L'Italia, abbasso, abbasso, de Turkee!

TREASURE TROVE.

T'other day while getting wood,
A lassie's hat I found.
'Twas like a wilted mushroom—
It lay wet upon the ground.

I hung it by the fire to dry.
It seemed as if 'twere dead,
But came to life, made love to me—
I won't say what it said.

It is a downy, fluffy affair,
A most wonderful creation.
I'll have to send it quite away
Ere I'm lost to desperation.

Since fortune sent to me the hat,
I'd love to meet the owner.
From the power of the property
I'll wager she's a stunner.

Later.

I find 'tis Ona Cesmat's hat,
And she a Bon Francaise.
I would she'd come to dwell with me—
I'd keep that hat always.

Today this fairy passed my way,
And I was feeling frightful.
She stopped and gave her hand to me—
Oh! wasn't that delightful?

PARAGRAPHS.

When youth departs and age arrives,
Then love grows shy and wary.
Of wrinkled eyes and droning voice
The little sprite is chary.

I have a thought, whether old or new,
'Tis a thought of satisfaction.
'Tis that the gist of the birds are gulls and geese,
That flock to a flirt's attraction.

Thought beckons on toward gilt that gleams,
But reason argues in our dreams,
For ardence draws toward heart's desire,
While caution bids us quell the fire.

THE GAUGE OF LIFE.

Going in the garden, Nellie?
Then I will follow through.
Show me the flowers that you love best.
I'll love them just for you.

Early bloom is on thy face, dear,
Just as on the budding rose,
And now's when I would choose a flower,
Before it older grows.

Oh, I would go with you, Nellie,
A-down the path of life,
And have it lined with flowers, dear,
Far from all surge and strife.

Do let us start in spring of life.
Our courage quells our fears,
For love grows shy—I shan't say why—
Upon advance of years.

UN AFFAIRE D' L'AMOUR.

I cannot see the secret, love,
Of how you fill your part;
But I know that your voice, like a mountain rill,
Comes rippling to my heart.

In sooth, 'tis not your face, dear one,
'Tis not those winning arts;
Nor wavy locks, nor gaudy frocks,
Nor eyes with glistening darts.

Later.

Now what was that brought me to you, sweet?
A dear little cry of distress,
Or the coo of love of a lady dove,
Or the trick of a flirt to impress?

Again, it seems your mind has changed.
That you say you are not free to wed.
But insist you've a husband living yet—
I was told that they all were dead.

What a sorrow, a shame! to spoil such joy
As this, our meeting, brought.
That kindling hopes so soon should wane,
And want set love at naught!

Suppositious.

LAKE COUNTY (CAL.) APOSTROPHIZED.

Oh, California's daughter fair,
Full many garlands grace thine hair;
Resplendent gems bedeck thy crest,
And silver lace o'erspreads thy breast.

Thou art an heiress in thy rights,
Broad fields are thine, and timbered heights;
Thy yachts are sported on thy lakes,
Thy deer, thy quail range in thy brakes.

When summer's sunshine's on thy walks,
Fair maids go questing 'mongst thy rocks,
Then, as the evening hours advance,
Thou call'st to music and the dance.

Thou come'st of Old Virginia's line;
Kentucky's lustrous eyes are thine;
Missouri's strength is in thy tread;
Her blood is in thy blushes red.

Full many guests do come to thee,
To share thine hospitality;
To bask in thy salubrious waters,
And sing in tune with thy fair daughters—
Our Lake-land Lady Lovely.

FRANCISQUITA—THE CITY.

Dear Frances was a child of Spain;
From her Patron Saint they named her.
When fate of her an orphan made,
Columbia came and claimed her.

Now Frances, dear, grew rich apace,
And robbers almost stole her.
A war then raged around the child
As to whoso might control her.

America's most stalwart sons
Rose stoutly to defend her;
And though the fight was warlike quite,
They did not that time rend her.

Through all those years this precious child
Had had a deal of trouble,
Till she grew large and strong of will
To hold all comers level.

MIDDLETOWN.

I would not leave my native home,
'Mid cost and dangers far to roam.
Old age here finds a lease of years.
Here smiles exceed the mete of tears,
Our confidence outweighs our fears,
Where rains prevail throughout the years—
 Oh, Middletown, My Middletown.

Belov'd, thy girls have beauty rare.
Thy sunlight glints are in their hair.
Thy summer's glow is in their cheeks,
As clouds glow on Helena's peaks.
Thy ladies well their ages keep,
For worry ne'er disturbs their sleep—
 Content obtains in Middletown.

I'd haunt thy groves of sturdy trees,
Where sing the birds and hum the bees.
I'd rest in shade among thy pines,
And pluck thy fruits and share thy wines.
In brookside wood and clinging vines
I ween at eve the nymph reclines,—
 Waylaying hearts by Middletown.

DACTYLIC LULLABY.

F. Reid.

Under the willow and over the tree,
Over the billow and under the sea,
Treasures are waiting for baby and me.
Miners and sailors shall bring them to thee—
Bring them to jingle and tinkle for thee.

Grandma is singing while mending her gloves;
Daddy is hunting for rabbits and doves.
Summer and winter are ruled by the sun.
Sea birds and shore birds take flight from a run.
Sleep, little darling, for rocking's no fun.

All the bright waters flow after the moon;
All the fair daughters are faded too soon.
Honeycomb carries but stores that are sweet,
Children would gather some blooms for a treat.
Slumbering cherub, now angels near seat.

(Last lines repeat.)

SOME TALL TALKING.

(A Song.)

You ask, "What's the news?" I shall not refuse
To tell you at once just what I know.
They're raising the deuce; they've killed the fat goose,
And there's lots of ching-chonging in China.
Yes, a deal of ching-chonging in China.

Four hundred millions, or more, got in a war,
And the way the queues flew was a sign—ah.
They says to the King: "Make way for The Ming."
Say, there wa'n't no ching-chonging in China.
Scarce a word of ching-chonging in China.

The Great Dragon broke loose and went on a cruise,
And he swore on the Manchus he'd dine—ah.
He steadfastly refused to be caught in their noose—
There was a most awful ching-chonging in China.
A most frightful ching-chonging in China.

When Doctor Sun Sen his arrangements began,
And brought up his autos so fine—ah,
With grunts of surprise and wide-open eyes,
There rose a ching-chonging in China.
Just a small-sized ching-chonging in China.

When it comes to a vote, then let us take note,
How excitement will run up the line—ah!
The points to dispute you'll find them not mute,
There will be some ching-chonging in China.
Yet again some ching-chonging in China.

NEITHER HEARD NOR SAW.

"Tother night, half awake in bed,
I heard an old cross-cut saw complain and snore;
Outside in the shed, "Oh, my teeth do ache,
How my gums are sore from gnawing oak knots."
"Say, girls, may be you'll smile,
But how would you like some wop at your teeth
With an old and rusty file?"

A METAPHORIC RESOLUTION.

Let us steel our hearts with an armor of enduring integrity and
crown our minds with a helmet of abiding steadfastness, that our lives
may be worthy and worth the living.

THE PLIGHTED MOUNTAIN MAID

The sunlight o'er the eastward hills
And on the westward sea,
Shall bring with many happy thrills
A new year's day to thee.
Dear Anna Bell, they'll wish you well,
Whoso e'er knoweth you;
Your heart so true, your eyes o' blue,
And sense, Dear Anna Bell.

When groom and bride shall state-like ride
Upon that favored day,
The trees, full bloom, shall toss their plumes,
Salute thee on thy way.
A thousand rills among the hills,
Shall ring as wedding bells;
The birds rejoice, with tuneful voice,
All through the wooded dells.

ON TREATING TO DRINKS.

The Bacchus crowd does not feel proud
When it independent finds us;
But with jeerings loud our fame would shroud
When we'd break the bonds that bind us.

—Jimmy Burns.

AURORA BOREALIS.

Thine locks are as clouds at morning's rise,
As summer seas thine azure eyes;
Thy rosy lips should win a prize—
Pretty Rhoda Lindholm.

Complexion fair as Norway's snows,
With tints of Sweden's woodside rose;
Thy face were fairest in repose—
Pretty Rhoda Lindholm.

Thy form is like the well-built ship.
As curves her hull, so curves thy hip;
Thy movements as her roll and dip—
Sturdy Rhoda Lindholm.

And thine is Hildegarda's mien,
That ancient Charlemagnian queen,
Who graced the Gothic Courts, I ween—
Stately Rhoda Lindholm.

EXCELSIOR.

I might have been "Un Vacquero Bueno"—
A horseman, bad bronchos to ride—
Were it not that my parents did say no,
So rough-riding I never have tried.

But now I must gather my courage
And try an equestrian flight.
I must straddle the skittish Pegasus,
And look well that the trappings are right.

I'll plan to be taking my true love
For a trip in the skies—allegory.
We shall cinch on a metaphor saddle,
. Send Old Peggy a-whooping to glory.

SOCIALIST KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

Fret no more, ye lady, for a champion is at hand.
Devils shall not intervene to gain a winning stand.
Mammon's weight shan't pass as fate, an artifice a beat,
Robbing the flower of its bloom—a shyster, wheedler, cheat.

Property must all be free; all must work for Uncle Sam.
House or lot, you'll own it not, and neither may nor can.
Bargains, contracts, bonds and debts shall plague no more the earth;
Love delivered, choice can make, without regard to birth.

AN ESTATE OF THE NYMPH, ETC.

Ease to the bed, where love lies sleeping;
Silence rule for his work is done.
Wake him not, for he'll wake to weeping;
Rarely a heart can he find for his keeping;
Joy from his waking hours has gone.

Sad it is that a spirit perish,
Blasted ere its race began.
Comes no bloom to a plant we cherish;
Ill, not good, and neither fairish;
Demon's work by the hand of man.

I've led to the lines of "Love Lies Bleeding,"
I shall not follow its lyric twang.
Love "for mine" is that's ever springing,
Defiance sets to art's deceiving,
An earthy world's debasing slang.

MILLENNIAL DAWN.

Awake! O sleeping Mundane Child,
From dreams of wealth and fancies wild,
To see yon Sun of Hope's incipient dawn,
'Mid shadows dark a twilight wan.

A promised blessing, long delayed,
Awaited long and waiting, prayed,
That ushereth in let none gainsay
The splendrous, bright, Millennial Day.

Wherein we shall all happy be
From cares and fears and burdens free.
When want shall stalk abroad no more,
Nor wolf of hunger haunt the door.

Be brave, have faith, and lend a hand;
Cheer on Democracy's dauntless band,
That Socialism may gain command,
And of the spoilers rid the land.

LA MIA PIACESE—GIOVINA ITALIANA.

I can't see what's got hold of me
That this little waitress maid
Should make the blood surge in my heart
To the turn of a lemonade.

'Twas not from aught that she had said,
And she used not spoon nor spade,
Yet she stirred the love within the glass
As she might a lemonade.

'Twas the tingle of pop-soda,
'Twas the spice of lemonade.
Was it love or infatuation
For this little merry maid?

I took this lady to the show—
To the dance where lovers played,
And her taste for me and mine for she
Were as pleasant as lemonade.

So I was loth to leave that town,
But stayed, and stayed, and stayed,
Till she cleaned me out as sleek as a horn,
This dainty, waitress maid.

MA COLLEEN BAWN—MY LASSIE WHITE.

Has any not seen Ma Colleen Bawn?
Sure if he's not, he's missed a treat,
For a vision rare is Ma Colleen Bawn.
Her face is fair as a southern morn;
Her blushes as when day is born.

Large eyes and lustrous as a fawn;
So airy, light, her dainty feet.
Dark locks has she, Ma Colleen Bawn.
At language coarse she takes a fright,
From which, I ween, her heart is right.

Such wit, so quickly to perceive,
A rara avis, hard to deceive.
Strength and action in thy movements,
Manners that defy improvements—
Our hearts go out to thee, Colleen Bawn.

LA MIA PAISE—COMO L. OTRO.

I'd love to wed my dear Paisé,
Dress her in silks and red,
Put a diamond ring upon her hand,
A pink rose wreath upon
Her dear Italian head.

I would like to buy a rocking-chair
To hold my dear Paisé,
And have a parlor rich and fine
Where she might read and rock all day,
My belov'd dear Paisé.

I'd have a good-sized bank account
To keep my dear Paisé.
Make her secure and not be poor,
Also a life insurance large,
For I might "drop off" some day.

DEUTSCH WEISENSCHAFT.

Vot vas dot a womans vas?
Vy, apples andt oranches, andt bunches of grapes,
Andt great big bundles of roses,
Andt lillies andt coo-bells, daisies andt daffodils,
Violchens andt crow-foots, pandzies and johnkills.

A SONG OF SOLOMON.

Girl, thou art glorious.
Youth wells up to thy face
In a flood from thy strong heart.
Thou lustrous gem from Erin,
Beauty all victorious
Must win for thee its place.
Lovely traits to play their part
Cannot be expressed herein.

Ornament to thy race,
Assuring thy land's renown,
And refuting her defamations.
Monitor among women,
A home with us to grace.
Welcome to our state and town!
Sure welfare and habitation,
With love and joys uncommon.

PRIZE SONG—THAT LAND AWAY BACK YUNDER.

There is a land that we all love, a land away back yunder,
And if you do not like our style, you can just go plumb to thunder.

Refrain:—

Missouri, Oh, Missouri, we are just as hot as fury.
They call us pukes and guys and ghooks. There are no blokes nor soaks
Nor real poor folks, but niggers in Missouri.

Is there a stray Missouri son who'd be ashamed of her he orter!
You ask, "Are we ashamed of him?" We'd say, "Why! Oh, yes, sorter."

Refrain:—

Missouri, Oh, Missouri, we love her. Do you wonder?
Oh, if you do not like her style, you can go right straight to thunder

THE DEAREST CAUSE.

We're taught to die for country and for flag;
But when we know our minds and hearts aright,
There's nothing can exceed, nor even might,
 The abounding depth and strength and mag-
 Nitude of the love that ne'er can bend nor sag.
Nor yet the wrath wherein we rise in might,
When slander, danger, mischief, heave in sight;
 From them who be vain with boasting and brag,
 Or enemies with evil fame to tag.
Essay attack by day or shade of night—
The cause of wife and child is first by right.

THE EARTH IS IN THE HEAVENS.

Why strive to look beyond the grave
To see that Heaven aboundeth?
Or why more glorious blessings crave
Than are in the heavens that reign around us?
Or ween a voice in Heaven more sweet
Than those that in our choirs meet?
Have we not all the angels here?
Loving wives and daughters dear?
Men formed of God? Strong hearts and true?
Men who will stand, their duty do?
Though death should sure approach them?

CLOSE TO NATURE.

I had a dream the other night.
It seemed that the southerly winds
Were wafting a potent incense
As for one who had died in his sins.

But daylight told of a polecat bold
Who had bearded some dog in his den.
As in story old, that's often told,
He had come for a chick or a hen.

Three days from then, unwist o' my ken,
Afloat in my drinking stream,
I found this cat that didn't know scat,
And he weren't as sweet as cream.

Come, all ye artless little boys,
Don't you know 'tis a filthy trick,
To go and get a dernd dead skunk,
And put it in the crick?

Now, s'pose you was yer mammie's caow,
And was thirsty for a drink,
And went and drunk out of that crick—
How would you like the stink?

And s'pose that that cow's luscious milk
Was poisoned by that water,
And your mammy had a baby girl,
And it killed that little daughter?

Would you not learn to keep all filth
From streams and pools and rivers?
For such will cause diphtheria,
Dumb-ague, chills and fevers.

THE DRY-TOWN SONG.

The men are in a temper dark, and all the maidens sigh
For there's no chance to make a mash since our old town went dry.
Since our old town went dry, yes, since our old town went dry,
They kick the dogs and scat the cats, since our old town went dry.

(Repeat last two lines.)

The Dutchman, dozing in his chair, since our old town went dry,
Is dreaming of the lager-beer with many a yawn and sigh;
For since he must lead a thirsty life there's trouble in his eye.
He has to sneak to get a drink, since our old town went dry.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Some of our home-tied gentlemen now fail to see the joke,
And hoboies must apologize because they don't go broke,
Because they don't go broke, yes, because they don't go broke.
They're paying rent and keeping house since there's no chance to soak.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Some people do not go to church, and neither sez thur prarz,
And when they can't hev whut they wunt they gits right up and swears.
Oh, there's broories over yunder and thurz win'rys over thur;
If you'll catch a hint from under, why, thurz blind-pigs over hyur.
Who sez that we've gone dry? Who sez that we've gone dry?
I've had some swigs at the blind, blind-pigs, and think it's all a lie.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Guess we've got to cut the booze out, a cooler life to choose.
Faith and vice is due to lose out when we Gin's rule refuse.
So what's their use of beefing, and where's your call to cry?
For their colors they'll be reefing and submitting to the dry.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Common Refrain.

Since our old town went dry, yes, since our old town went dry,
You'll have to slink to get a drink, since our old town went dry.

A SCOTTISH EFFORT.

There is a lassie come tae town,
God bless the coach that brought her.
She is a sight tae heart's delight.
She's some ane's darling daughter.

Tho' I'm tae auld tae seek the prize,
I loue her most a' ready;
For there's naught sae dear in a' the wur'
As a gentle, sweet young lady.

THE FIRST ATTRACTION.

(A Song Piece.)

Neena Kee.

Don't you wish you had a little Indian girl
Just like mine?
Her hair so glossy, bright and fine,
In a great, thick lock, hung o'er her eyes;
So glossy black, t'would take a prize.
And she can shine, dressed all so fine,
In satins and in silks so rare.
And you never saw such dainty feet
In China slippers, nice and neat.

Her father, he's a Chinaman;
Heep muchee likee play fantan;
And her maw, she is an Indian squaw.
Oh, how is that for a mother-in-law?
Kee peddles truck through all the week,
Lives on a ranch down on the creek.
Go along, chase yourself, don't you bother me.
Better keep away from my Neena Kee.

She is twelve and I am six,
And maw she says I am looking high,
If I can't love her, I'll be in a fix.
I'm bound I'll marry her bye and bye.
It's not clear sailing, don't you see?
Yet I won't keep away from Neena Kee.
Some fine day we'll go to China,
Cut a swell so high and fine. Ya!
Don't you wish you had a girl like mine, though.

Refrain:—

Don't you wish you had a little Indian girl?
Her teeth so white—as white as pearl.
Hair so straight it will not curl,
Eyes so glossy bright, step so airy light.
Tr trtrtrtrtrtrtrtr, &c. (by instrument,)

DOCTOR MINE.

(To tune of the "Mocking-Bird.")

She wants to get marrit for a home of her own,
Undt she likes a nice floor to dance on.
She vears a leetle redt vig mit de top of her headt;
Undt she's schuste de right age for Hanson,
Undt she's schuste de right age for Hanson.
She is 50, Hanson 80. She wishes a young husband.

BARBAROUS INDUSTRY.

On contemplation the thoughts are torn
Of our civilized man to the manner born.
Full fifty centuries of traffic and trade
Of a creature of God has a monster made—
Raging mad, with hungering fears,
Disturbed of heart throughout his years.

Ever the terror and ever the threat,
Of prices that fall and consumption by debt.
Competition lends aid to the strong,
And scatters small dealers broken along.
Resort to short measure; short weights are made;
Bankruptcy dodges and tricks in trade.

No second thought for a child not his own
That is ground at a mill as the grinding of bone.
Head ever soft to fashions and styles,
To flattering words and seductive smiles.
Swelled of chest and tooting his horn,
The want of a neighbor provokes his scorn.

How is it with he who has "lost his grip?"
With his money he'll tumble and from him 'twill slip.
Ever he's game to "the dead-shot stuff,"
Drunk he's a prey to the robber and tough.
When begging fails he pilfers and steals,
No price to his wage, no time to his meals.

Now as to the young of health and strength,
There's work in the land throughout its length.
But short jobs don't for him suffice.
Out in the timber, on farm is nice,
Till you work in the frost and snow and rain—
Hard chance to go through and health retain.

How shall he find it down in the mine?
Heat and gas, and water and slime.
If he can withstand conditions there,
His chances in life are somewhat fair.
But who'd live his life in a mine,
Bereft of air and fair sunshine?

A POLITICAL EPIGRAM.

The capitalistic edifice is of rocks on a foundation of rocks, viz.: money. Of its own material shall it be dissolved, and fall to crush upon its foundation.

ANTITHETIC PARAGRAPHS.

A goodly gift is a gift from God;
Yet that which is given today,
For sure we may find, to our sorrow,
Tomorrow is taken away.

Apropos of your sparkling, boys,
Just mark the thought that thrills you;
The gentle passion makes for life,
The vicious passion kills you.

We come into life as a little spark,
And burn the length it measures.
As a candle-flame so we depart
From sorrows, work and pleasures.

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

(A Song.)

Talk of your great men, or talk of your small,
There is one who is great—is the greatest of all—
In the pull and the haul of great schemings
He's the man who does the work in his overalls.

Then here's to the man in the checkers and blue.
Cheers to the man of a life that is true;
For while others are scheming and grafting,
He finds something that's worthy and honest to do.

Shall we deem this man great, or other than small,
When he draws his month's pay and squanders it all
At some tin-horn game in a barroom down town—
Makes it hard for himself and hard for us all.

AN ADVENTURESS.

(Blank verse.)

Her heart, it is a sunken reef,
Within love's bounding sea;
And waves from men go out to her
To dash to fruitless spray.

Who guides his craft toward her shore
Must wreck upon the rock;
Who bears his freight unto her port
Must sink it in her sands.

LIKE A DOG AMONG WOLVES.

(A Song.)

On knocking about, and in and out,
There's a thing that thus resolves
Among jealous men wherever I've been—
One is just like a dog among wolves.

On a laboring job of your peace they'll you rob,
And do all they can to knock.
You must fight with wits and perhaps with your mits,
Whether driving or handling rock.

When I come to shine with a lady fine,
With a tendency to mutual loves,
I'll hereafter lay low—not let others know—
For I've learned how to pass among wolves.

Don't go to an outlandish host to lodge.
Seek one of your countrymen's selves;
Lest you get knocked out e'er your stay is o'er,
From being a dog among wolves.

A LA MILITAIRE.

I served the flag in Cuba on many a well-fought field,
I campaigned at Manila, where we made the googoos yield.
I never was defeated by men of any sort,
But things went somewhat different
When it came to a case of court.
For when I crossed swords with a lady
I found her a match for my steel.
I saw that I was unready—
Was forced for to turn on my heel.
I went up against the battle-works,
And boldly assaulted the fort,
But the upshot was of the enterprise,
There was nothing to report.

GREGARIOUS.

Whene'er it seems you're "solid there,"
All in a lady's favor,
And chosen above forty men
All in her heart's reservoir,
Just turn the valve within your heart,
On tender feelings flowing.
Chance is you're one of forty dears
Whose breast she's set to glowing.

EVOLUTION CAPITALISTICQUE.

What's this dark rumor that I hear?
Alas! my Dear Francaise.
What broke the resolution of thy mind
And turned thine heart astray?
Did he with fell licentious eye
Seduce thee from thy path,
The villain cur and sneaking dog
Deserves to suffer by wrath.

Of late I talked a while with thee,
And heard from thee some lays
On war o' hearts and salient acting parts,
Of wooing lovers' ways.
Thy gentle face, thy golden hair,
Thy true-toned voice, thy gaze,
Sans fault or sign of weakness ill,
Were lovely, Dear Francaise.

One year ago thou spoke quite well,
And I could sound thy praise.
You dubbed a wayward spouse a plague, a fright.
"No good, my dear Francaise."
O, there be reasons quite enough
In these debasing days,
Of money's rule and social fraud—
O, golden heart, Francaise!

DRAW POKER WITH THE DEVIL.

On thinking of how sweet you were
My mind's in consternation.
Was that "a darling love affair,"
Or just "a dear flirtation?"

So, so, my gay red-headed coquet,
When you'd find that aught was in me,
What would you do? "Now tell me true,"
But to rig a scheme to skin me?

A STORM ON.

The rain comes fleet with pattering feet,
While the wind goes by with a whoof.
It waltzes around on the grass-grown ground,
And dances a reel on the roof.

A MYSTERY; OR, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER'S VINDICATION SMASHED.

(Trusts, Pirates, Rosegardeners.)

Where is the monitor bold? Oh, Where?
Who, "rising to the motion," shall declare
To us, just how and when and where
This Dragon, Monster! Mystic, Old,
Obtained a strong, a strangle hold
On Law, Liberty, Justice, by the hair?

Is't not that which robbed the Antilles rare
In primal times by ships, Corsair,
And rendezvoused on northern main?
Was thus the base foundation laid?
Did monster hatch where monster laid?
Or was it bred at Bunker Hill?

And now all our fond faiths to mock!
Shall this sleek scion in minist'rial frock
Invoke the faiths of Plymouth Rock?
And, divining just how weak we be,
So show to us full sanctity
In high commercial robbery?

THE JUNE VACATION.

The term is out. We all must shout,
And hop and dance and skip about,
For all the timber is full of tune,
Timed and toned by the hand of June.
"Whoop! Hooray! for the closing day,"
With a rout and a shout down the grand highway.

The sun's face laughs behind the trees,
And beams through the fences, cool as you please.
Up from the shore whips the evening breeze,
With health and strength from the Western Seas.
For what would we change from a home on the coast?
Surely not for the Joaquin's summer's roast.

DOGS, BEWARE!

There is a courtship plied in trade.
Then pray the heavens above you.
Deliver from the trap that's laid
By the wench that feigns to love you.

WINTER VACATION.

Hop along, skip along; come on a run,
This is vacation, and school days are done.
Gather the hollies, for Christmas is here;
Weave them in garlands to little girls dear.
Let all the bright treasures be hung on the trees,
And hoist the gay banners aloft to the breeze.

Let's play us some games, as old times have seen,
And have some cute songs on the talking machine;
And trust the gold oranges sweeter may grow,
While we romp till the sun's rays shall shame off the snow.
They're calling to dinner, so come, take a seat.
"Oh, the beautiful dishes and loads of things sweet!"

Refrain:—

Then thump the piano and finger the fife,
Pick on the banjo and dance for your life—
The waltz and the schottische, the polka-step deft,
"Right hand to your partners and grand right and left."

SAWDUST CAKE.

Did apples hold dust that were bitter,
If in oranges juice there was none;
Were gems all bereft of their glitter,
'Twere like a life that is lived all alone.

Alack to the mouth that goes tasteless;
A sense that has lost its best tone;
A health that is ever precarious,
Companions to going alone.



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